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# DIJAGH



A Postal Diplomacy (Etc.) Publishing Venture..

No. 1-2-3

the taking of dijagh one-two-three

30 October 1982

## WHAT THE HELL IS DIPLOMACY, AND WHO THE HELL IS GLEN TAYLOR?

Weeeeeell...long answer first. Glen Taylor is Me, sometimes appearing as a 22-year-old computer programmer living in Silver Spring, Maryland. (No, I am not a pseudonym for Buddy Tretick.) I have been playing postal Diplomacy since the summer of 1975, and refereeing postal Diplomacy games by carbon copy for almost as long. Publishing a Diplomacy magazine (Dipzine for short) has been a cherished desire of mine throughout that period, but never have I had time for it (and never was I quite insane enough to start publishing when I knew damn well I wouldn't have time to do justice to the endeavor.) Well, I certainly have less free time now than I did in college, with a full-time-plus-overtime job and wife and daughter, but this has forced me to learn to Budget My Time, and my lifestyle is relatively settled now (not to mention that I now have access to reproduction facilities-- no nasty cracks from you wise-asses out there), so I'm finally taking the Big Plunge. I have a very good idea how much workload is involved, since I have GM'ed several postal Diplomacy games and variants in the past, and published amateur magazines dealing with wargaming and science fiction. Also, be assured that I am fully aware that I can't possibly produce a zine as large as this one with any kind of regularity-- that's why this is a triple issue. (I always did like starting with a bang.) The average issue will be more like 12 pages. I hope to be able to publish on a 3-3-2 week schedule (2 weeks allowed for Winter adjustments), though events may force me to increase the delay times between issues to 3 weeks always, or even 4 (though I'm going to fight it tooth and nail).

As for what Diplomacy is, to quote Brad Hessel in Diman #29 (22 January 1977): "Diplomacy is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhamer and copyrighted and marketed by the Avalon Hill Company, of Baltimore. It is a seven-handed game of negotiation, cooperation, and conflict loosely based upon European Realpolitik ((in the World War I period)). Mechanically simple, the meat of Diplomacy is the give and take between the players, as each attempts to gain ascendancy over all the others." It is also eminently suited to postal play, giving the players the chance to communicate with one another secretly (unless the bastard Xeroxes your letter and sends a copy to the mutual target you'd been proposing) and at as much length as you desire (or until he gives up in boredom and lines his birdcage with your letter). I have to admit that seven years of heavy play have somewhat dulled my appreciation of the basic game's possibilities-- if it's physically possible to do in regular Diplomacy, I've probably heard about it, seen it, or done it myself. However, there are many excellent Diplomacy variants out there, of which I've barely scratched the surface, so I will referee those in DIJAGH. I will also run a regular game or two, since many people seem to want to play the basic game, and it's not much work.

However, the games are not the primary reason for DIJAGH's existence,

\* Diplomacy Is Just A Goddamn Hobby.

although I intend to referee them accurately and well. The primary reasons for the existence of this bizarre object in your manipulatory appendage(s) are: the production and dissemination of material I find interesting, no matter what the subject matter; and the aggrandizement of my ego. Now, I have a large backlog of material, both related and unrelated to Diplomacy, which I feel youse guys would find interesting; but eventually I will run out. This means that I need YOU to help me make this zine a success. I need your articles, press releases, and letters to give me something to print and something for the other readers to respond to. Contributors will be paid handsomely in the form of free issues of DIJAGH, free game entries, and/or my undying gratitude, not to mention the thrill of seeing their name in print and propelled to the eight corners of the tesseract by the supersonic zephyrs of the U. S. Snail. So-- please write me and let me know what you think of this here zine! And subscribe, too. Subscriptions are 55¢/issue, although double or triple issues will count double or triple against your subscription. If this seems high to you, note that there are many ways you can receive this rag absitively free: writing for me, as noted above; entering and winning the contests I will run regularly in the zine (in addition to the two in this issue, I am preparing Trivia Quizzes on Science Fiction and Diplomacy Hobby History); or, if you publish your own Dipzine, extending to me Mutual Subscription Credit. (I will accept this arrangement with any Dipzine which is not a warehouse zine, that is, which carries substantial amounts of material not directly related to the mechanics of ordering units around, though I reserve the right to terminate the arrangement in case Terminal Boredom, Leprosy or Captain Trips sets in.)

However, as I said, I will print anything I find interesting, including articles on history, politics (especially Libertarian politics, of which I am proud to be a believer, led by the Great Godd Costikyann), technology, science fiction, science, mathematics, or whatever I've left out. (Be warned that any letters any of you write me from now on will be considered Fair Game for my letters column, unless the material is obviously of a private nature or you slap a DNQ (Do Not Quote) on it.) This issue, for instance, contains two Diplomacy-related articles: Greg Costikyan's useful dissertation on personalities and reputations in our hobby, and Bob Lipton's hilarious "The Tunisian Opening" (which won a Calhamer Award for Outstanding Technical Article in 1976), plus of course the actual adjudications and press releases of the four games I am now running. There are also, however, many non-Dip-related items, including the first part of a serialized satire on mathematics and high school math competitions (because most Dip players I know have some interest in or knowledge of mathematics, and even those who don't should greatly enjoy this caper), an account of my travels to the recent World Science Fiction Convention (under the theory that most wargamers and Dip players are S.F. fans, and those who aren't ought to be-- I find myself attracted by the same qualities in both activities), and a Rock Music Trivia Quiz (because I felt like it, so there!). Oh yes-- I can't forget Anything Goes, Chris Mattern's contribution. It's a subxyn of the main zine (though he misspells it "subzine"). Or, in the notation that would be used in my Formal Languages course, "AG"  $\subseteq$  "DIJAGH". For future issues I hope to have a lively letters column, and I already have lined up accounts of some games I've run in the past, with much press and interesting goings-on, not to mention the rest of Propp's article. But, as I can't iterate frequently enough, I need your material too.

Welcome to my Dipzine...I think you gonna like it!

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Mark Berch, the publisher of a fine reprints zine called Diplomacy Digest, has said that his decision on whether to plug a new zine depends on how many times his name is mentioned in it. Well, I think this is a disgusting policy of Mark Berch. I would never mention Mark Berch's name just to get some stupid write-up in Mark Berch's Dipzine, and I'm sure that no one

outside the warped "mind" of Mark Berch would ever whisper the name of Mark Berch in polite company, much less allow "Mark Berch" to sully the pages of his Dipzine. I propose that all publishers of real Dipzines (of which Mark Berch's zine is not a member) boycott Mark Berch and all publications of Mark Berch until Mark Berch agrees to grant the Central Commisariat of the Hobby complete veto power over all of Mark Berch's plugs. Well, Mark Berch? What do you say to that???

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GAME OPENINGS:

I am now announcing openings in all of the following games. All players must maintain a subscription to DIJAGH for the duration of their participation in the game. Failure to do so may result in their summary ejection from the game. Game fees listed below are in addition to subscription fees. I will print my House Rules in a near-future issue of DIJAGH (probably the next one), as I am far too tired and pressed for time to type all of them right now. I do not employ preference lists.

REGULAR DIPLOMACY: One section of the old favorite, for you sticks-in-the-mud who can't deal with variants. Game fee \$5.

GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY: The same as regular Diplomacy, but with NO NEGOTIATION allowed. This means you don't even know who the other players are (and any attempt to find out is considered cheating and may result in expulsion from the game). Excellent for those people like me who are too lazy or too strapped for time to negotiate very much in their games. Gamefee \$5.

ANARCHY DIPLOMACY: 34 players, each with one supply center and one unit. The wheeling and dealing is incredible, since you can only gain at someone's expense, and you have to get someone else to help you do it, while risking that someone else may slip into your original supply center. I don't expect this to fill up quickly, but the game fee is only \$1 (after all, statistically most of the players will be eliminated in the first few years, not to mention the difficulty of filling the board in the first place).

SCIENCE FICTION DIPLOMACY: This will be one or another of the variants from Lew Pulsipher's Science Fiction and Fantasy Variants Packet. I don't have it handy now, and in any case hadn't really made up my mind which one to offer. Suggestions are welcome. Game fee \$5.

THE PRESS GAME: This special section has no game fee. To get in, you must simply impress me with Press releases you have written. If you succeed, you will win a free spot in this game. I have several people signed up already; if you think you might qualify, send me several samples of your writing. It will be a variant of some sort, both to make things more interesting and to accomodate more than 7 players. In fact, I am currently designing a Nuclear War variant (yes, I know it's been done before, but my version will add on complexity and realism in many forms and still be playable), and that may well be it.

This may sound like a bit much, but both of the regular Dip games I'm running now are fairly close to completion, and I'm confident I can handle the load. I also have a need for stand-by players for any or all games, to take over the position in case someone quits or is thrown out. You will receive issues added to your DIJAGH subscription for taking over a position, and more if you complete the play of the country without an NMR. I am also open to suggestions for other variants you would like run.

\*

A statistician is a man who, with his head in an oven and his feet in an ice bucket, says, "On the average I am comfortable."

"MARYLAND-VIRGINIA GAME" (1980Pcv)

Spring 1909

(Youngstown IV)

LIMEYS GAIN ST.P. BUT LOSE JAVA, BREST, KARAFUTO; "LITTLE THREE" DOOMED CHINA (CD): A Ctn H/disl and removed.

ENGLAND (McCrumb): NMR, see below. A Lon-Nwy, F Nth CON A Lon-Nwy, F Nrg-Bar, A Fin-StP, A Den-Lvn, F Bot S A Fin-StP, F Bal CON A Den-Lvn, F Matl S F Bre, F Iri S F Atl, F Bre S A Bel-Pic/disl-(Eng or disband), A Hol-Bel, A Bel-Pic, F SPac S F Cel-Tia, F Jap S F Kar, F Echi S F Jap, F Phi S F SPac, F Cam-Sai, F Sia-Mal, F Jav S F Sia-Mal/ANN, F Kar S F Jap/disl-(Sak or disband), F Cel-Tia.

FRANCE (B. Taylor): NMR, see below. F Ann-Sai, F Por-Matl, A Gas-Bre, A Par S A Gas-Bre, A Mar-Spa, A Bgy-Pic.

GERMANY (Gereau): NMR, see below. A Lun H, A Sil H/disl and removed.

INDIA (B. Wulff): A Bag-Jor, A Man S RUSSIAN A Kor, A Pek S A Han-Ctn, A Han-Ctn, A Lao S A Joh-Tha, A Joh-Tha, F Mdr-Wind, F Clt-Mdr, F Eind S F Mal-Jav, F And S F Sum-Mal, F Mal-Jav, F Sum-Mal, F Tim-Cel, F Tok S F SATl OBB-SPac, F SATl OBB-SPac.

ITALY (Krebs): A Ven-Tri, F WMed-Mor, F Lib-Pen, F Ion-Aeg, A Tyo S A Ven-Tri, F Tri-Adr, A Con-Bul, F Smy-Lyr, F Bul (sc)-Con, F EMed S F Lib-Pen, A Rom-Ven, F Adr-Ion.

RUSSIA (Bongard): F NPac S F Okh-Kar, F Okh-Kar, F Vla-Jap, A Kor H, F Ank H, A Vna H, A Gal-Sil, A War S A Gal-Sil, A Pru-Pos, A Mos-Lvn, A StP H/disl-(Oms or disband), F Bar S A StP.

TURKEY (Penn): F Pen H/ANN, F Jor(wc)-Egy(nc).

#### PRESS:

((This release was submitted several turns ago, lost by me, then re-found.))

Madras Times-Wheel, 14 August, 1907

"Kapow!" The large Rolls skidded across the road. It did a slow figure-eight, finally coming to a complete stop, facing in the direction it had come from.

"Sorry, sir. We seem to have a flat tire," the small chauffeur said. The dark man in the back seat ran his fingers through his curly hair and sighed. "Can you fix it, Mahatma?"

"Could you help, sir?"

"You know I don't know a thing about changing tires. After all, I am not a Mechanical Engineer."

The two men climbed out of the car and walked to the back of the car. The broken shaft of an arrow protruded from the left rear tire. "Someone tried to kill us!"

"Precisely, my little Gandhi," a thick voice said. The two men slowly turned around. They were confronted by a huge man, every bit of 7 feet tall and 20 stone. He was flanked on both sides by a man carrying a carbine.

"So, we meet at last, Nehru."

"That we do, Sir William," the big man said. "Now, if you and your valet would get back into your car, we would be happy to have you accompany us on our journey."

"In case you forgot, you gave us a flat tire. And besides, I am sure that Sir William has no desire to—" Gandhi jumped as a dagger pricked his back. His face went dead white.

"Ha," Nehru laughed. "Don't take me for a fool. The tire is fixed. Now, let's move it!"

...received two surprises as ... tire was fixed. Second, the car was surrounded by 30 to 40 men, all heavily armed. No sound had accompanied their arrival and the change of the tire.

"Are you ready, Secretary?"

"It seems I have no choice. Well, we might as well get started." And with that, Sir William climbed into the back seat of the Rolls.

...Secretary of Labour Sir William Wulff disappeared yesterday while travelling in Bihar. His valet, Mahatma Gandhi, is also missing. It is feared that both men were kidnapped by separatist rebels led by Jawaharlal Nehru. This group has frequently threatened to assassinate the Secretary for his labour policies...

Castle Fenwick, Grand Fenwick, March 11th

"Very well, Mr. Bascombe, would you please explain why you are back so soon after your expedition left to invade and be crushed by the Indian Empire?"

"Yes, your Grace. We found something better in Geneva. When we arrived there, it was deserted, except for the Indian Embassy, a few fire companies and a Turkish delegation who wouldn't leave their house. Since the Indian Ambassador said they had to be guarding something military, we broke in. We were negotiating terms with their leader, when this scientist here," Bascombe poked the dejected little man next to him, "rushed in, yelling 'It's finished, Mahatma-- we're ready to go.'" So the Mahatma fellow pulled out a pistol and shot Jackson and we feathered him with eight arrows and had to kill a few more before they calmed down."

"So, what were they doing?"

"They say they'd finished some sort of a **super-bomb**. We've got it right here," he added, kicking the heavy box in front of him. The Turks winced, but nothing happened. "Obviously, your Grace, they were bluffing. I might suggest that we sink them in the lake, and threaten India with the bomb."

"Mr. Bascombe, we'll do it the other way around. We'll smash and sink the bomb-- if it is one-- and threaten India with the scientists. Meanwhile, they can be put to work at something useful. Cleaning the stables, perhaps."

"As you wish, Your Grace. Shall I keep a guard on them?"

"Of course. And see to the 'bomb' immediately."

Imperial Ministry of Propaganda, Vladivostok, 15 April 1909: "Three new battleships of the Imperial Navy were commissioned to-day at the New Navy Yards. These ships, each armed with twelve 340 mm guns and many smaller cannon, and named the Aleksandr Nevsky, Mikhail Kutusov, and Potemkin, are expected to greatly strengthen the Far Eastern Fleet, and promote the liberation of Nippon from the vile British."

Alexandria Gazette, 21 April 1909 Combined Aeroplane-Roc patrols are reported to be scouring the Mediterranean for the last remnants of the Turkish navy. Apparently it is operating in exile from Africa and Jordan. Italian Navy units, assisted by the Indian Mid-East Army, have pledged to eradicate the Turkish die-hards.

Zuricher Zeitung, May 3d, 1909. "Our sources in Budapest report that the Russian attempt in this city and its environs to promote local autonomy appear headed for disaster. Russian civil and military officials in Rumania and Austria are becoming increasingly annoyed at the incessant political infighting among Magyars, Slavs, Germans, and renegade Turks inside the city. There is also considerable evidence that some groups in the city are sending aid to the Turks."

Glen here again. I forgot to mention that, since both Beki Taylor and Dave McCrumb had General Orders on file, their moves were done by Richard Maltz and Carl Burke respectively. This counts as  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an NMR for each of them, the first for either. Also, Italy wrote his order as "F Smy-Seria." That's as close to being "Serbia" as it is "Syria." I declared it a valid order only because "F Smy-Ser" is illegal. Be careful!! Also, Pam Gereau has resigned as Germany, which nation is now placed in Civil Disorder.

Finally- contrary to one player's remark- Ber changed hands some years ago.

"HOKIE GAME" (1981Djm)

Spring 1907

(Youngstown XII)

## RUSSIANS APPARENTLY SUFFERING SETBACKS; ITALY STABS FRANCE HARD!

ENGLAND (Dorsey): F Lpl-Iri, F Lon-Eng, F Nrg-Nwy, F Nth S RUSSIAN F Den, F Gua-Car.

FRANCE (McCrumb): NMR, see below. A Kot-Ike, A Leo S A Kot-Ike, F Ivo-Cvd, F Satl S F Ivo-Cvd, F GoG S F Ivo-Cvd, F Tra-Rio, A Mau S A Tra-Rio, A Sah-Cas, A Alg-Spa, F Por-Matl, F CBr S F Por-Matl, F Bre-Eng...

GERMANY (Mattern): A Kin H/disl-(Angola or disband), F Gor H, "A Bud H"/WSU, A Vna H/UNO, A Pos-Sax, F Nwy-Ska, F Swe S F Nwy-Ska, A Ber S A Pos-Sax, A Kie-Den.

INDIA (Naylor): A Raj-Snd, F Ara S A Raj-Snd, A Brm-Clt, A Tib S A Sik-Kan, A Sik-Kan, A Del-Afg/disl-(Kas, Raj, Dec or disband).

ITALY (Burke): F Tyn-Lyc, F Nap-Tyn, F Adr-Ion, A Ven-Pie, A Apu-Ven, A Sud S A Ken, A Ken S A Sud, A Tri S TURKISH A Ser, F Som S GERMAN F Gor, F Yem-Ade, A Cyr-Lib, F Egy-Red.

JAPAN (Wulff): A Ctn-Vtm, A Kyo-Hir, A Tok-Hok, F NPac-Jap, F EChi-Jap, F Schi-Ctn, F Ton CON A Ctn-Vtm, F Sai S F Sia-Cam, F Sia-Cam, F Joh-Tha/invalid (no coast specified), F And-Tha, F Wind-Eind, F Mind-Wind.

RUSSIA (Lowman): A StP S ENGLISH F Nrg-Nwy, F Ska-Swe/ANN, F Den S F Ska-Swe, A Bud S A Clu, A Clu S A Ukr-Gal, A Ukr-Gal, A Sil-Sax, A Arm-Sev, A Rum S A Arm-Sev, A Syr Sucks It Up/disl-(Jor or disband), A Afg S A Snd-Del, A Snd-Del, A Nep S A Snd-Del, A Kan-Skg, F Kor H, A Han H. TRANSVAAL (B. Taylor): A Bas-Zem, A Mbu-Bas, A Kat-Kin, A Loz S A Kat-Kin, A Ang-Lun, F OPr-Leo, A Dar H, F Moz S A Dar, A Ngo-Kat.

TURKEY (Maltz): F Tun-Wmed, F Bul (sc)-Aeg, F Ela S A Ank-Arm, A Bag S A Smy-Syr, A Gre-Bul, A Ser S GERMAN A Vra-Clu/NSO, A Smy-Syr, A Ank-Arm, A Ira S A Ank-Arm.

UNITED STATES (Dongard): F Natl S BRITISH F Lpl-Iri, F Natl-Spa (sc)/disl, F Sar CON A Nfk-Gna, F Guy S F Cnr, F Rio-Tra/ANN, F Cnr CON A Nfk-Gna, F Cvd CON A Nfk-Gna/disl-(Azo, Lbr, Gna, Sen, Tra or disband), F Arg-Satl, A Nfk-Gna.

Dave McCrumb failed to submit his orders, but Keith Evans made his moves for him on the basis of his General Orders. That counts as  $\frac{1}{2}$  missed move for Dave, his first of the game. More orders and retreat options below.

## PRESS:

London Times-Dispatch (October 20, 1906) An unusual flurry of diplomatic activity has been observed at 10 Downing Street recently. The German ambassador was seen leaving with disturbed glances toward the Russian embassy. Informed sources believe the Hun was formally dressed down for his support of French improprieties in London and the scandalous usurpation of Her Majesty's Scandinavian interests of the past year.

Also observed, with slightly haggard countenances, were the Russian, Italian, United States, and Transvaal ambassadors. It is obvious that highly secret and very delicate negotiations have been conducted, but with what outcome, no one can discern, possibly not even the participants. One item was significant, however: the absence of Monsieur McCrumb. The P.M. is obviously still incensed over the infestation of frogs in Liverpool and London which was only recently driven into the Welsh countryside (suspected to be hiding in the hills). Further developments will be reported here as they become evident.

Excerpt from Top Secret Report (July '06)

To new Minister of Intelligence From SE Asian Bureau

Subject Untimely Death of S.E.A. Bureau Chief

...unfortunate drowning of the Chief...during extended vacation in Borneo hills...not sure, but think maybe we lost the island...can't find Union Jack in Bureau closet...lots of funny-looking fellows in uniform



around...tell new P.M. that old vacation spot may be difficult to get to. Telescopes with epicanthic folds seem to be sinking everything in sight... 'Fraid we lost the admiral's yacht...thought it was in the harbor when we left for vacation in the hills...not there anymore. Crazy people in uniform shoot everything that's not nailed down...keep raving about dragons...dragons...hope to continue clandestine operations...more later.

Le Grandé Monster - October 28, 1905: The top song this past month was recorded by Wor. Titled "Convoy", it set all previous records for sales in one week. We have recieved permission to reprint the text.

#### CONVOY

Got a breaker one-nine, this here's the Angry Frog. You got a copy on me, Big Black, Come on? Yeah, 10-4 Big Black, for sure, for sure, by golly it's clean clear to London Town, come on? Yeah, that's a big 10-4 there Big Black. Yeah, we definitely got the front door there, good buddy. Merci sakes alive, it looks like we got us a convoy.

It was the dark of the moon on the 6th of June in a cruiser haulin' shells, Gunners on deck with a Bertha primed and a frigate haulin' Huns, We was headed for Brits on the North Sea side, 'bout a league out of Amsterdam, I said "Big Black, this here's the Angry Frog and I'm about to put my hammers down.

Cause we got a little convoy, steamin' through the night,  
Yeah, we got a little convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight,  
Come on and join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna get in our way,  
We gonna float this steamin' convoy 'cross to the USA, CONVOY...

Got a breaker, Big Black, this here's the Frog. You want to back off with them Huns. 10-4, 'bout 5 leagues of so. 10-4, them Huns is gettin' intense up here. By the time we got into London town we had 85 ships in all, but there was a blockade in on the River Thames and them Brits was bow to bow. Them Limies was thick as bugs on a Hun; they even had a Brit in the air. I said, "Callin' all ships, this here's the Frog. We about to go a-huntin' Brit."

Cause we got a great big convoy, steamin' through the night,  
Yeah we got a great big convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight,  
Come on and join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna get in our way,  
We gonna float this steamin' convoy 'cross to the USA, CONVOY...

Well, we steamed up the British coast like a rocket sled on rails. We tore up all of their counter, attacks and left them tryin' to fix their sails. By the time we hit Old Ed's town, them Brits was a gettin' smart. They'd brought up some reinforcements from the Liverpool National Guard. There was armored cars and tanks and jeeps and ships of every size. Yeah, them coastal forts was full of Brits, and zepplins filled the skies. Well, we shot their line and we went for broke with a thousand screaming shells, and 11 long-haired friends of Jesus in a chartreuse motor-boat.

Uh, Angry Frog, this is the Clyde Waster. 'Yeah, 10-4, there Clyde Waster.' Listen, you want to move that motor-boat in behind that suicide jockey? Yeah, he's sweepin' a mine field and he can use all the help he can get.

Well, we laid a strip for the Liverpool shore, and prepared to hit its shore. I could see the beaches lined with Brits, but I couldn't wait for more time. I said, "Big B;ack, this here's the Angry Frog. We just ain't gonna wait no more." So we crashed the line doin' 99, I said let them Berthas roar, 10-4

Cause we got a mighty convoy, steamin' through the night,  
Yeah we got a mighty convoy, ain't she a beutiful sight,  
Come on and join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna get in our way,  
We gonna float this steamin' convoy 'cross to the USA, CONVOY...

10-4 Big Black. Whats your 20? WARSAW! Well, they ought to know what to do with them Huns out there. Well, merci sakes alive, good buddy, we're gonna have to back on out of here. Keep the bugs off your glass and the Brits off your - tail. This here's the Angry Frog on the side. We gone, bye-bye.

New York Times, 24 March 1909: "Reports are coming in from the South Atlantic of French atrocities on the Falkland Islands. Our sources indicate that the French fleet operating in the South Atlantic has occupied the small island group, inhabited by sheep farmers. The islands are of strategic value, as their coaling station provides the French with a valuable forward base. The exact nature of French behavior on the islands has not been detailed."

SILVER SPRING (G.O.D.): The rest of the French orders are: F Iri S F Por-MATl/disl-(Ire, Wal or disband), A Bel H, F Cam H/ANN, A Pic-Bre. Also, the American fleet dislodged from MATl must retreat to Gas, Gra or be disbanded.

"BLADENSBURG GAME" (1979KS) Spring 1912 (Regular Dip, BION)

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE STRIKES BACK UNDER NEW (TEMP.) MANAGEMENT  
ENGLAND (Burke): A StP-Mos, F Nwg H, F Bar H, A Lvn S A StP-Mos/disl-(StP or disband), A Gal-Ukr/disl-(Boh or disband), F Pru S A Lvn, F Nth-Ska.  
FRANCE (McCrumb): F Eas-Smy, F Tyn-Ion, F Tun S F Tyn-Ion, F Nap S F Tyn-Ion, F Rom S F Nap, A Mar-Pie, F Lyo S A Mar-Pie, A Tyo-Ven/ANN,  
A Tus S A Tyo-Ven, A Bur-Bel, A Mun S A Ber, A Ber S A Mun, A Kie S A Mun.  
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (B. Taylor): NMR, see below. A War S A Mos-Lvn, A Mos-Lvn, F Ion H, F Gre S F Ion, F Adr S F Ion, F Apu S F Ion, A Ven S A Boh-Tyo, A Boh-Tyo, A Tri S A Ven, A Vie S A Boh-Tyo, A Sil-Pru, A Rum S A Bud-Gal, A Bud-Gal, A Ukr H.

Beki Taylor did not submit moves, but since she had General Orders on file, Richard Maltz did her moves. This counts as  $\frac{1}{2}$  NMR for Beki, her first. There ain't no press- why don't you people start writing some???

"GROUNDHOG'S GAME" (1981II) Spring 1907 (Regular Dipsomania)

I have temporarily misplaced the orders of one of the players, and since I am now typing this at 11:00 AM, with many pages left to type and people arriving for the Great DIJAGH Kick-Off Party at noon, I have no time to hunt for them. I will adjudicate this game separately within the next few days and mail the turns out to all the players. Sorry about this.

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If you enjoy Diplomacy press at all (though I must say that the mostly mediocre releases in this issue are far from the best I have seen, although there are a few exceptions to that), then you'd love Slobbovia. Rather distinctive even among the more far-out Dip variants, Slobbovia keeps inventing features like retrograde technology, political purges--

But why am I talking about the mechanics of the variant? The major boast of Slobbovia, in fact, its raison d'etre, is Press! 60 pages of excellent-to-fair Press (written by only about 12 active players) is the rather astonishing average for an issue of the Slobinpolit Zhurnal, while the ceiling for actual game-mechanics (strumph, as opposed to strakh, the press) has rarely gone above the 5-page mark. It is a press-writer's bonanza!

Taking place on an imaginary world with province names like Strait Annarrow, Thither Slobbovia, Pairadice and Helangon, Slobbovia has less to do with the real world than the press in most Dipgames (though just about everything you can think of has been parodied there at one time or another), and there's a big backlog of stuff which is helpful to know. However, the current Arkhivist, Roger Oliver, and several players are very helpful to new Slobbs (unlike Bob Lipton, Roger's predecessor, whose paranoia of new people

(cont. on page 24)



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# CHICON IV:

## The Two Towers

OFFICIALLY TO BLAME:

Glen R. Taylor  
3007 Hewitt Ave. #428  
Silver Spring, MD  
20906 301-460-5653

(C.O.D. bombs not accepted)

BEING a double-barrelled one-shot produced as a  $\Sigma$  (summation) of my Chicon IV experience for the benefit of my friends in fandom and elsewhere, and as a "get-acquainted" item to be rammed through several APAe in which I hope to have time and money to become involved.

I've been attending science fiction conventions in and around the Washington, D.C. area since 1978, and since escaping from college and becoming gainfully employed last December, have ranged a bit more widely among East Coast cons. Still, Chicon IV was to be my first Worldcon. I still haven't really left the ranks of the poverty-stricken, because my wife Beki has not yet succeeded in trapping that elusive beast, A Job. So, airline fares were out of the question, and since our car has been behaving strangely for some time, we began investigating the possibility of renting a car, sending out "feelers" through our fan contacts for people to share the ride and expenses. At first, all looked rosy. A friend in New York City put us in touch with four siblings who call themselves the Clones, and I lined up two of my co-workers as well, one of whom was attending the convention of the Church of the Sub-Genius (which bills itself as an "inherently bogus religion") in a nearby hotel rather than the Worldcon. I phoned Hertz Rent-a-Car, and, though we had to agree to slap down a usurious deposit to **atone for the** horrible sin of not having a credit card among us, they said they would call us back to confirm our reservation for an 8-passenger station wagon.

Things began falling apart the week before the con. When Carl Burke, my co-worker and fellow fan, called Hertz to change the car reservation to his name, he was informed that the reservation had never been confirmed, and they couldn't promise us anything. (Supposedly, they had tried to inform us of this and failed; I think they should have tried harder.) I called them to bitch about this, and a horrible suspicion grew in me. Finally I asked them point-blank: "Is this failure to confirm because you have no wagons available or because we don't have a credit card?" "We can't tell that from here," said National Headquarters primly, "we leave that decision up to the local managers." After a few well-chosen words about their lack of sincerity and solicitude toward potential customers, I slammed down the receiver, determined never again to deal with Hertz if there were any way to avoid it. Beki spent many hours over the next few days calling every agency in the phone book, going farther and farther afield as it became apparent that most station wagons had already been claimed by college students returning to school. Then the other shoe dropped: the Clones called on Saturday morning. One of their number had been told, "Go ahead and take a vacation, but you might not have a job when you get back." So now we were down to seven people. We toyed briefly with the idea of stuffing them into a 6-passenger wagon- which was confirmed- but then they called again to say that for three of them, public transportation would cost less than throwing in with us. And then there were four.

I almost gave up at this point. However, we then discovered that National Car Rental had a special on 4-door sedans, which would come to no more per person than the wagon would have for a larger group. We

accepted gleefully- the more so because their deposit was much more reasonable than Hertz's- and began our rounds of last-minute preparations.

We planned to leave about noon Wednesday. I made the mistake of working until about 2:00 that morning. Late-night hours spent staring at a CRT and assembly-language listings and trying to figure out just why a UYK-20 computer bombed, followed by insufficient sleep, make for an inauspicious start for a Worldcon. When we awoke, Beki set out to go get the car with Carl and drop Sara, our 10-month-old, off at my parents' home, and I rushed around packing and gathering stuff up. Beki and Carl came back about 3:00, due to various delays (which was probably fortunate, as otherwise I wouldn't have been able to get everything together). We picked up Craig, our token SubGenius, and set out for the Great Beyond.

We took turns driving for a few hours at a time. By the time we reached Indiana it was the wee hours, and my turn. I was only about 70% awake, but that was sufficient for interstate driving provided one concentrates fully. Carl took over and got us as far as legendary Gary, Indiana, when he began falling asleep at the wheel. So, we pulled into a rest stop and snored for a few hours. When we pressed on, we decided to stop for breakfast in Gary. That city, or at least the parts of it we drove through, is even worse than its reputation: more decrepit than the worst parts of downtown Washington, D.C., for example. The McDonalds we found was built like a fortress, without any such signs of civilization as a drive-through or tables inside. We got out of Gary as fast as possible, and soon found ourselves trying to puzzle out the Chicago map.

When we reached the hotel, we discovered the architectural plan which gave this essay its title. One could get from East Tower to West only by going outside or by means of an underground concourse. I was sure I'd get everything figured out by Monday afternoon. The hotel parking system was monumentally screwy: it was valet parking only in a multi-level subterranean garage, and at busy times like when I returned to the car to unpack, one had to wait up to half an hour to be escorted down to the car. This annoyed me, and, in the light of later events, enraged me. The hotel also managed to screw up our room reservations; we found out that they had two rooms reserved for us, because friends had made the original reservation for us. But neither room had the two double beds we'd been promised. Ah, well. While unpacking I ran into Greg Costikyan, a fan and game-designer friend from NYC whom I only get to see at conventions anymore, and Dave Kadlecsek, with whom I'd been in a postal Diplomacy game years ago but had never gotten to meet, and had an enjoyable conversation about TSR's gutting of SPI and various other items of interest.

I couldn't find anyone to go to dinner with that night, so I decided to strike out on my own and try a Chicago specialty, stuffed pizza. It was quite good, though a bit overpriced. Back at the con, there was a short movie I wanted to see again: The Dove, a hilarious Ingmar Bergman parody, featuring mock-Swedish years before the Muppets' chef got in on it. Subtitles like "Did you put the flowers in water?" would accompany lines like "Und didst thou schtick dem in da H<sub>2</sub>O-ska?" I also caught the last few minutes of Escape from New York, which I had written off from what I'd heard about it, but the tail end looked very good, complete with music from Van Gels pitched so low that it affects the intestines rather than the eardrums. I'll have to see it when I get a chance.

The con suite bore a sign: "Welcome to Liberty Hall, where you can spit on the mat, and call the cat a bastard!" This sounded vaguely familiar to me, which is surprising in retrospect, since I bought Bertram Chandler's The Road to the Rim at the convention and discovered it was the source of the quotation- and I'd never read any Chandler before. I went to several filksings that night. At one point someone started to sing a computer song, then asked how many of those present were involved with computers. About 75%, including a 15-year-old girl, said they were.

I also traded convention horror stories with a young lady from the Midwest, who told me of a con in Kansas where the V.F.W. was also present, and the hotel, sympathetic to them, did things like turning off the air conditioner in the con suite to clear it out. I retaliated with the tale of this year's Balticon, at the brand-new Hyatt Regency in Baltimore, where the management decided that it could make lots of money by forcing the fans running the con to send out notices that Private Parties Were Not Allowed--after all, people who go to conventions of any sort are all on corporation expense accounts and spend money like water, right? I believe the hotel lost money on that one, because not only did nobody (of course) use their catering service, but they pissed off enough people so that little of any description was bought from the hotel restaurant, gift shop, etc. The hotel also did cute things like treating fen as pariah nerds, and saying so within our earshot. In spite of this debacle, the Hyatt will be one of the main hotels for next year's Worldcon, and I understand that they will still have a no-fan-party policy. We must do something about this now! Write to the Hyatt at 300 Light St., Baltimore, MD 21202 and tell them that you will not stay at their hotel unless they change this policy. (Unless you'd rather walk half a mile through the city at night, of course.) I am starting a petition drive at conventions for this purpose, and anyone who'd like to help out by collecting signatures of fen in their area is urged to write to me.

I also ran into Marc Stiegler that night. He was one of the best Computer Science Graduate Teaching Assistants I had at V.P.I., and has since sold several stories to Analog (though I'd read only his first, "The Bully and the Crazy Boy" from late 1980). He commented that the novellas rated first and third in Analog's 1981 reader poll- Emergence and The Saturn Game, respectively- had both been nominated for a Hugo, but that one of his own, which was rated second, was not. I consoled with him- it is unfortunate but true that a lot of people tend to nominate and vote for Hugos on the basis of the author and not the story. Marc said this was his first con in five years; I hope it won't be the last.

When I finally crashed about 4:00 AM, I still didn't get any sleep. I was rather annoyed at this, since it resulted in my being zombied-out for the next day or two.

\*\*\*\*\*

How many Carl Sagans does it take to change a light bulb?  
Billions and billions and billions...

\*\*\*\*\*

This is On Friday I went to the Hard Science Fiction panel, on which  
P P P the most interesting speaker by far was Larry Niven. On SF films,  
a r u he said the essential problem was that the money men in New York  
l e b believe their audiences are technological and scientific illiter-  
i s l ates, so most films are stupid like "Black Hole." "With Spielberg  
n s i and Lucas," he said, "we finally have people who take pride in  
d c the movies they make, but the science needs a lot more work. It  
r a is possible to make SF both entertaining and informative- I've been  
o t doing it for years- but far from easy. So support Spielberg and  
m i Lucas, but only until something better comes along." He pointed  
i o out that A Gift From Earth could be made well with a small special  
c n effects budget, and if successful, might enable him to tackle  
#21 something really ambitious like Ringworld. PBS would be most  
likely to undertake such a venture, given The Lathe of Heaven.

Niven also discoursed on recent articles by Tipler (I believe), presenting some pretty damn convincing arguments that We May Be Alone After All. For two billion years, the highest form of life on Earth was prokaryotic microbes, and all it would have taken to remedy that would have been an alien landing or base with an outdoor latrine. "One possible

equilibrium situation is really frightening," he said. "Assume that 99 out of 100 races in the galaxy are Nice Guys, who send out probes to the stars with recordings of Jimmy Carter's voice, but that the 100th race is a bunch of paranoid sons of bitches. They could plant an automated device in each star system to send a message to their nearest base whenever radio broadcasts are detected- and the Earth emits more radio waves than most stars. The one in the Solar System may be malfunctioning. "I Love Lucy" just reached Tau Ceti, so we have maybe ten or fifteen years to get ready." I pointed out that such a scheme would work if They were thorough-- it's very hard to destroy a planet but child's play to destroy a biosphere-- but that They had better make absolutely sure not to leave any fragments of our civilization underground or in space large enough to rebuild, or all their paranoid fears would come true in spades shortly afterward. "Okay," he said, "you could make that a nice optimistic science fiction novel." He also speculated that our technology may not yet have reached a point They would consider dangerous.

There was also an interesting panel on Andre Norton, who is certainly a major author in terms of sales but is not often mentioned in the top ranks. It included a Trivia Quiz with questions I might have been able to answer if I'd read any Norton recently ("What was the name of Captain Jellico's pet hoobat?"). I entered the Cosmic Encounters tournament that evening for the hell of it, and won my first round game, mainly because the guy I got my fifth base from felt honor-bound not to point out to the others that I already had four, so they all allied with me. The second game didn't go so well, but I made the cut into the second round (which was the following day, but I didn't go because I lost track of what time it was). I also met the Clones at this tournament.

At the filksing that night, I heard a superb song about Apollo 13, to the tune of "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald." I'd thought nothing could top "The Wreck of the Imperial Death Star," but was wrong (though both are better than the original song by Lightfoot). I remember only one haunting phrase from the song: "...in fact, and not fiction." I also learned a new term: "ose," meaning morbid/depressing, when someone sang an extremely "ose" song about a dog killed in a battle. The con suite that night was infested with balloons saying, "Blame me- I could have voted for Detroit." The filksing was later invaded by that well-known Midwestern fan-turned-author, Robert Headache, who proceeded to inflict his Songs of the Dark Whore upon us.

On Saturday morning, Beki went out to breakfast with some friends, and accidentally left her wallet in their car. About a half hour later, she realized this and went to get it, but all the money had been stolen, and it had been rifled for credit cards. (I almost wish we'd had some- it would have increased the odds of catching the bastard.) Now the people at the parking garage had told us that the valet-only parking system had been instituted because a lot of things were being stolen from cars- so who ripped us off? Unless someone got past them, it had to be the valet. Hotel Security didn't even make much of a show of doing anything about this.

That afternoon, I checked out the Huckster room and movie exhibits, picking up lots of freebie promo buttons. I also stood in line for over an hour to get the autograph of Gene Wolfe, one of the supreme stylists in science fiction today, who looks like an overworked accountant. This was the only really long autograph line I had to stand in, apparently because Wolfe was talking to people for minutes at a time in the line. It turned out that the person behind me in line was Dick Lynch, who told me in great detail exactly why Bill and Andre Bridget get nominated for so many negative-type "awards" in fandom. Since I'm in APA-Q with them, I told him in turn of Bill's delusion that he can trisect an angle with compass and straightedge.

The members of the Church of the Sub-Genius had been busily posting flyers all over downtown Chicago near the hotel, saying things like,

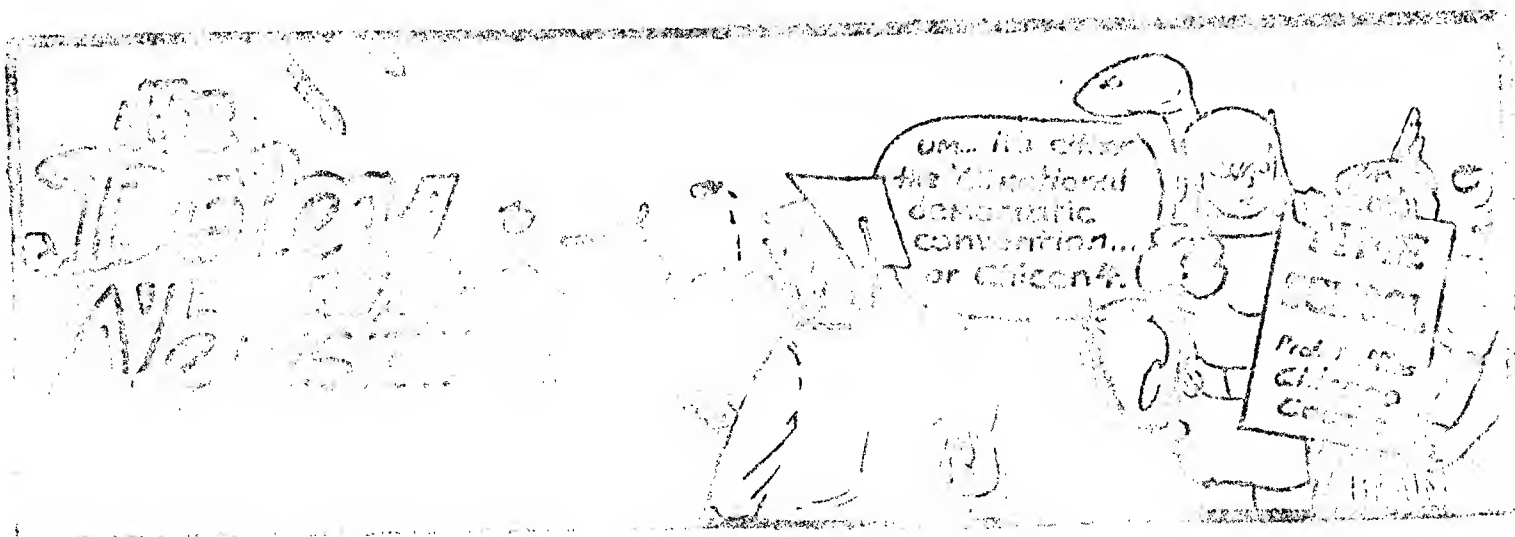
"I HAVE A NIETZCHE TRIGGER FINGER-- I'm the one who revealed that Ronald Reagan's make-up is Khmer Rouge-- and I play Jim Brady's head like a piccolo." Fen retaliated by stamping "FNORD" all over the posters.

Saturday night was the Masquerade. I didn't go, because I was depressed for a variety of minor reasons, but I regretted this later. I did see part of a Swedish (real Swedish, this time) comedy movie called "Apple War", and met an engaging young lady whom I was supposed to see again at the L-5 party that night. I didn't party-hop either, though. Another interesting result of the Masquerade was a mention in a Daley Planet, the con information organ, that one Lon Levy was entered. I went to college with Lon, and haven't heard from him in years; had no idea he was a fan. My efforts to find him at the con were unsuccessful, however.

The big event of Sunday was, of course, the Hugo ceremony. Beki and I had mailed in our ballots in time. We'd had to rush out and buy as many of the nominated works we could find-- not many-- so as to be able to vote intelligently. The only novel nominees I'd read were Project Pope, which, like most of Simak's books, had a lot of scope but little depth; and Downbelow Station, which was superb (though it needed more transitional material toward the ending). Of the movies nominated, I hadn't seen Time Bandits or Outland, thought that Dragonslayer was interesting but not top-notch, and voted for Excalibur. Raiders of the Lost Ark, I still firmly believe, should not even have been on the list. A case can be made out for its being fantasy, but a very weak case, in my opinion. I didn't like the thing, either, though that's probably because I was in a very sercon mood when I went in to see it. (I seem to be alone on the planet in this.)

Supposedly, one had to get tickets for the Hugo ceremony; but after getting up early to do this, I learned that the Powers that Be had decided not to require tickets. Apparently, there had been a big snafu with the Masquerade tickets, and there'd been plenty of empty seats-- but some joker went around selling bogus tickets he'd brought. Anyway, Marta Randall was in charge of the ceremony, and conducted it very well. Every now and then, someone would interrupt her with a little slip of paper bearing the name of one of the movie nominees, and people would go up on the stage and perform a little skit based on that movie. The only one I remember well was the Excalibur one. Merlin and Uther come on stage, and Merlin casts a spell to make Uther look like Ygraine's husband. He starts to tear away, then stops. "Merlin." "Yes?" "My armor's still on, Merlin." "Well, what do you expect?" "Merlin, this just won't work." "All right, all right, but you have to promise me your firstborn. Ahem...May your armor be light as a feather! Wait a minute, Uther, you have to make your saving throw... ah yes, 53, that's high enough. Oh, and Uther?" "Yes?" "Ygraine's worth 750 Experience Points."

When Randall Garrett won his award as an SF humorist, his wife accepted it for him. She told us that Randall has for several years been the victim of a debilitating disease that destroys memory, and that signs of recovery were apparently false. This news sobered us all. Later, Jerry Pournelle arose to present a Hugo, wearing a T-shirt saying "Six-Time Hugo Loser," and offered his now-traditional toast, "Money will get you through times of no Hugos better than Hugos will get you through times of no money." Interestingly, the L.A. people had prepared a publication called Fanac, which contained a mention of Pournelle's brief speech and various other things in a curiously distorted form which happened at the con-- but it was written BEFORE THE CON. They explained this by saying that once you've been around long enough, you know what sorts of things to expect. Fanac also contained other gems such as: "Prizes awarded included "Best 'ET' Costume", "Most Authentic Indiana Jones", and "Best Wings and Tits". That the same person won both of the last two awards demonstrated a salutary willingness to compromise on the part of the judges." For the actual Hugos, and several more interesting anecdotes, see attached Daley Planet.



**THE DAISY PACKET: NUMBER NINE NUMBER NINE - 1992 Sept 6 - The Small House Edition**  
 Edited by Mike Glyer. Contributions for this issue provided by David Smith and by Diana Pavlice, David Raby, David Brown, and Myriad Mattheus Gary Thomas. While you can keep this copy in the hotel now, it's going to be about 360 days before my next issue. Antares this edition by Terrell.

**1992 HUGO AWARD WINNERS:** In a world record time of 90 minutes, the Hugo Award put the literary giants of science fiction fiction and fantasy through their paces, handed out a lot of hardware, not to mention, a number of awards. Margaret Wilson Taylor announced a new North American record of two minutes. She announced the last by reading a letter from the author when he took the time to read the letter, declaring a national of his age, declaring, "I'm not a scientist." Taylor, as was in Chicago, announced a severe attack of the winner. The all-time record for the Hugo Award in this latter-day "reading" by lavishly announcing him on wearing a dress in her presence for the first time since she'd met him. Silverberg claimed he was merely uncertain how early in the fall winter set in on Chicago.

**BEST NOVEL: DOOMSDAY STATION - C. J. Cherryh**  
**BEST NOVELLA: "The Saturn Game" - Paul Anderson**  
**BEST NOVELLIZED: "Unlabeled Variations" - Roger Zelazny**  
**BEST SHORT STORY: "The Fisher" - John Varley**  
**BEST NONFICTION BOOK: DANCE MACHINE - Stephen King**  
**BEST DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE: PATRICK OF THE LOST ARK**  
**BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK: Edward C. Foxman**  
**BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Michael Whelan**  
**BEST FANZINE: LOCUS (ed. Charles Brown)**  
**BEST FAN LETTER: Dick Gals**  
**BEST FANZINEST: Victoria Foyar**

**SPECIAL AWARD: I (Mike Glyer) was**  
 extremely happy, to receive the Special Committee Award for "Keeping the Fan in Fantasy." This award was presented on a Hugo Award, the trophy being a gold-colored dragon, very beautifully made.

**MEMORANDUM FILE: Linda Hanson**  
 relayed that at end of business Sunday, the warm body count had increased as shown:

NEW	100	
PRE-1992	39	
OTHER	0	
TOTAL	139	cumulative

**CONGRATULATIONS: ASH: WHO WAS THE FRODO?**

**JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD: Alexis Gilliland**  
**SPECIAL COMMITTEE AWARD: Mike Glyer**  
**JAPANESE WINNERS:**

Best Foreign Short Story Translated into Japanese: "The Brave Little Toaster" Dische  
 Ditto, novel: DANCE MACHINE, Brown

**BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION AWARDS:**  
 Short Story: "The Brave Little Toaster" - Dische  
 Novel: THE SHADOW OF THE TOMORROW, Wolfe

**FIRST FANZINE AWARD: Bill Crawford**  
**PAT TERRY AWARD: Randall Carrett**



On Monday morning I ran into Washington-area writer Somehow Suedforlibel in the huckster's room, and condoled with him over his failure to win the Short Story Hugo. I also began teasing a fan friend of mine, who wishes to be referred to in this connection only as "Griz," for what I had observed him doing at the Australia in '85 party the previous night. Griz is one of these guys who wears buttons saying "Ask Me- I Might" and "I'm Shy," but whom femmefen seem to find unbearably cute. He constantly flagellates himself for not having the guts to take the initiative in such matters, so it was somewhat of a shock to me to see him administering a backrub to a buxom, partially disrobed blonde. Other guys kept wanting to "give him (or her) a hand," but he discouraged them from horning in on the action, so to speak. (With regard to the other Sunday night parties, the L.A. Party was very laid-back, the Philly in '86 party had the best entertainment by far, and the Atlanta in '86 party was too bloody crowded to move in.)

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From the flyer for "THREE-MILE-ISLAND CON":

"Blackhole Party featuring the Schwartzchild Limit- once you enter you cannot come out

"MUSIC: The Oak Ridge Boys in the Klein Bottle Room

Atom and the Ants in the Radium Room

The Heavy Metal Sound of Led Zeppelin in The Containment Vessel

"Half-lives are better than no lives at all!

"Select the fittest...Darwinian Jeans! Look for the double helix on the pocket!!! Jeans by Mendel and Calvin Clone...

"Livermore sandwiches, Ice cold isotopes, Charm Pops, Quarks of all flavors, Pions a la mode, Tokemak donuts- get 'em while they're HOT, Patty meltdown sandwiches, Eggs over AEC, Lamb Curie, Mushroom clouds, Av gadro guacamole, Fission chips, and Plasma Punch - hop, skip, and go critical.

"We hope to megaton of money to free the Carbon 14 and the Strontium 90."

\*\*\*\*\*

Monday's most interesting event was the "Hogu Awards Ranquet." "We researched through thousands of dusty-old fanzines to discover that the award was named after Hogu Chabsnerg, the founder of modern Sinus Friction (never call it "Si-Fri"!)...A Pole Tax has been added, so if you are either part or fully Polish you will need to send in some extra money, unless of course you don't want to...Ballot stuffing is mandatory, so stuff it!... Voting is by the AUSTRIAN BALLOT SYSTEM: Vote often and secretly, but we decide the results in an independent closed caucus so as not to be unduly influenced by the actual vote. The Hogu consists of a charred block of virgin pinewood, a fine romantic symbolization of a rocket take-off." Categories included Worst Fanzine Title (Uncle Dick's Little Thing, Private Heat, Intergalactic Starbarn, Dillinger's Relic, Enemaster), Best Traumatic Presentation (Modern Egyptian Election Methods, Air Florida's 14th St. Special, Polish Law & Order, The Klaus Trial, The End of the Space Age, Central American Domino Theory, Argentina's Fleecing the Falklands), and Best Dead Writer (Must be living to qualify) (Lin Carter, Glen Larson, Barry Malzberg, John Norman Mailer, Noah Ward). The Deposed Dictator's Award went to a write-in candidate, Margaret Trudeau. There were also several Puns Based on Movies awards: "I'm past Karen" and "Tanis, anyone?", and in the Most Putrid Scene from Star Wars III category: "Leia: 'Use the force, Luke. Oh,oh,oh!' 'Chewie, I never knew....', and Lando being asked to sit at the back of the spaceship. Gary Gygax won most of the Hogus.

The ride back was a royal pain: we were all extremely tired and getting on each other's nerves. Cut-rate Worldcon attendance is not recommended, though it's certainly better than not going at all. Ah well, the '83 Worldcon is in our backyard, and we hope to make '84, '85, etc. C.U. There!

# Anything Goes

Vol 1, No 1

10

Welcome to Anything Goes, a subzine of DIJAGH. I'm Chris Mattern, and I'll be GM for all the games played in this zine. The idea of the zine is in its title; I'll try anything that can be played PBM. Here are the House Rules:

1. Some issues will have a section describing new games and their PBM rules. Send in a letter naming the game you want into and containing the gamefee. Once I have all the people necessary to play the game, I will run a notice in the new games section announcing the players and their positions (which will be determined randomly) and asking for the first moves.
  2. Requests will be taken for the new game section.
  3. Game fees are different for each game and will be announced with the game they apply to.
  4. Game fees for cancelled games and games filled when the application arrives will be refunded. In addition, a player may withdraw from a game anytime before it starts, and he will be refunded his gamefee. Gamefees for games in which the player has already sent in a move will not be refunded under any circumstances.
  5. The subzine will run in all issues of DIJAGH, and the due date for all moves in all games in the zine will be given on the masthead.
  6. If I have not received a player's move by the due date, I will call him once collect. If I do not successfully contact him, his move will carry the notation NMR (no moves received), and none of his units or forces will do anything.
  7. If a player NMR's twice in a single game, he is considered to have quit that game, and a replacement will be found for him.
  8. Replacements for players who quit, whether the players quit by their own statement or by rule 7, apply exactly as if for a new game. However, there is no gamefee. Requests for replacement positions are taken on a first come, first served bases, and all applications should contain a move for that position for the next turn.
  9. Players should send in their full addresses and phone numbers, and try to keep me updated on such matters.
  10. My ~~xxxxxx~~ address is: Christopher J. Mattern  
Rt. 3, Box 280  
Warrenton, Va. 22186  
(703) 347-1961
  11. If I, as GM, make an error in a move of any game, please contact me at once. I will get in touch with the players concerned. If an error is not corrected by the time the next issue goes out, it will stand as published, so pay close attention to the moves.
  12. A copy of any back issue or any PBM rules being used may be obtained by a request and a postage fee of 25¢.
  13. Press for any games will be taken from anyone, whether an actual player in the game concerned or not. No restrictions or editorial word will be applied to press ~~except~~ ~~xxx~~ that the byline MEIDE (My Excellent and Really Devastating Editorials) is reserved to the gamemaster, and no player may use it.
- I am running Anything Goes for one primary reason. **Press! Press! PRESS!** I will run a game of chinese checkers if the players send newspaper articles, battlefield orders or reports, fiction-like scenes, or whatever, but **WRITE ME PRESS!**
- One last note. Don't send me requests for Diplomacy or Dip variants. That's what we have DIJAGH for. Send 'em to Glen (he can use the business).

\*\*\*NEW ~~XXX~~GAMES\*\*\*

## EMPIRES OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The PEM rules used for this game will be John Boardman's rules published in MOVES #52. The rules may be obtained from me for the usual postage fee of 25¢ (see House Rule #12) if you don't have that issue of MOVES. The scenario played will be Millenium. All optional rules will be used. The gamefee will be \$5.

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## STARFORCE

No PEM rules for this game are really required. Simply send in the SiMove plots to me. To save time, all tactical situations occurring in a single game-turn will be resolved simultaneously. Note that if a battle occurs, there will be one mailing before any combat begins so that either or both players may call in reserve starforces. The scenario played will be Scenario 5: L'Chal-Dah Contact, and it will be Advanced Game with full optional rules (except sequential play). The gamefee will be \$6.

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Chris's Closing Comments (CCC): This will be a column at the end of each zine. It will contain address change, important notices, and ~~xxxxxx~~various ramblings from the Gamemaster.. Hope there's been something here you like. Excelsior!

\* \* \* \* \*

## YOU CAN TRUST ME: USING YOUR REPUTATION

by Greg Costikyan

Reprinted from Urf Dursfal, Grandson of Fouch # 48-49

When many players think about what sort of actions you, as a player, are likely to take in a game, their perceptions will be influenced not only by the positions on the board and the current alliance-structure in the game, but also by what they know about you-- your reputation from previous games, and the attitude which you project in your letters and phone calls. By projecting the right attitude, you can influence their decisions in the direction you desire; the catch, of course, is that you can't change your reputation in the middle of your career as a Diplomacy player, and you can't change the tone of your letters half-way through the game-- although you can, of course, use a different tone when writing to different players.

DOCTOR STRANGE: My reputation, for instance-- and the reputation of many Conspiracy players-- is that I'm weird. Conspiracy<sup>2</sup> players will do something stupid because it's cute, or try a strange strategy simply because it's amusing. Conrad von Metzke will, for instance, order (as Austria in S01) F Tri-Adr, A Vie-Tyo, A Bud-Tri-- giving him Venice in 1901 and a chance to find another game in 1902-- simply to see what the reactions of the other players are.

By projecting a gonzo image, you can persuade the other players to let you do things they'd never let a straightforward player do-- as a

to do. For instance, there is a very powerful opening for Italy known as the Key Opening. This is: S01: A Ven-Tri, F Nap-Ion, A Rom-Apu; F01: A Tri-Ser, F Ion CON A Apu-Tun, A Apu-Tun. This gives Italy two builds in 01 (Austria still gets one for Greece, and possibly a second for Rumania), and results in tremendous Italo-Austrian strength against the Turks from

02 onward (especially with Italian fleets maneuvering toward Turkey's underbelly in the Med). Now, as a straightforward player, Austria is unlikely to allow Italy to use the Key Opening-- the Opening requires too much trust on the part of Austria. After all, Italy might always decide just to stay in Trieste-- and since Austria won't be heading for Serbia at the same time, Austria may not even get that center, leaving a very weak Austria to face a strong Italy. But if you're a gonzo player, Austria will be more likely to trust you when you say "I want to try this really cute anti-Turkish opening, and I know it sounds like I'm setting you up, but this is a really great opening."

Another thing you can do as a gonzo Italy is-- believe it or not-- get three builds as Italy in 01. In S01, move A Ven-Tyo, A Rom-Ven, F Nap-Ion. Tell the French that you want to ally with him against Germany-- and you want to do so because you're a gonzo player and you really like the idea of a Franco-Italian alliance against Germany because it sounds so stupid and improbable. Tell the Germans that of course your units aren't going to be used against Munich, you're going to take Trieste. Tell the Austrians that you aren't going to take Trieste, you're going to take Munich-- and the second unit is there so you can assure the Germans you aren't heading for Munich. Show the Austrians your letters to France, and reinforce your argument by claiming you're a gonzo player.

Unless the Germans are incredibly paranoid, they'll believe you-- with luck, you can get the French to support your army into Munich. Move A Ven-Tri-- with luck, the Austrians will believe you and head south. (If not, you've still got two builds.) And, of course, hit Tunis with your fleet. (As an alternative, you might consider hitting Greece with your fleet-- possibly with Turkish support.) Believe it or not, I've seen people pull this off-- three builds for Italy in 01.<sup>3</sup>

PLEASE DON'T HIT ME: If you have a weak position-- Florence in MACHIAVELLI, to a lesser extent Italy or Austria-- or you're a novice, decry your weakness to anyone who'll listen.<sup>4</sup> Gratefully accept the crumbs of alliance that some stronger player lets fall from his fingers. Plunge into the alliance with enthusiasm, obeying the player's commands generally (but don't do anything stupid). With luck, you will persuade your ally that you're so weak that you'd never consider stabbing him-- why, you'd be annihilated instantly! A poor novice like you has to follow the brilliant advice of a more experienced player-- you'd be lost without your ally's advice! Your ally will continue believing this until the moment that you shaft him.

This ploy can also be pulled effectively if you take over a position in the middle of a game. Obviously, you don't know the diplomatic structure-- who is in bed with whom, etc.-- and must rely on the advice of someone who has been in the game longer. So much the better if you have two centers and everyone else has eight. Claim your willingness to "puppet" yourself to a stronger power, and obey his every demand as long as he ensures your continuing survival. Under these circumstances, you will probably never get a chance to stab-- working your way up from two centers to major power status would be difficult-- but you will probably ensure your continued existence, and may gain some centers, possibly even ending the game as a second or third-place country. If possible, you should covertly-- or, if necessary, openly-- work to establish a stalemate line; in a stalemate situation, even your piddling power has a chance of participating in a draw (especially if the ally to whom you have been so loyal demands that you participate in any draw).

GOD WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!: Many players try to cultivate the impression of being a loyal ally who will never, EVER, stab anyone. Stabbing is evil.

More, such players will suicide against anyone who stabs them, and threaten to attack the stabber in any future game. "You stabbed me," they claim. "Therefore you are an evil, nasty person-- and if I'm ever in a game with you again, you can bet that I'll attack you right off. Furthermore, I'm going to do my best to hurt you as viciously as possible before I'm out of this game-- I don't care if France takes all my centers while all my units are off fighting you, I'm going to GET you!"

One good thing about projecting this impression is that some players will think they can play you for a dupe. Obviously, they have to worry about what you're going to do when they stab you; however, in the meantime they can be assured that you won't stab them. They won't worry about the units you've placed next to their home centers, as long as you have a pseudo-reasonable justification for their presence; and when you do stab, they will be astounded. (You can try to preserve your reputation as one who never stabs by "informing" your ally that you're about to attack him too late for him to do anything about it-- mail your letter informing him on the day of the deadline.<sup>5</sup>)

The other advantage is that your allies will think twice-- or three times-- before stabbing you. Unless you have scruples about cross-game negotiation (I, personally, have none, and think such scruples are silly) you can reinforce their unwillingness to stab you by threatening reprisal in other games. Additionally, when you stab your ally, you may be able to justify doing so as a sort of preventive retaliatory action-- "I knew you were going to stab me, so I attacked you to prevent you from doing so, you moral leper!"

STICK WITH ME, KID: Being Michael Rocamora, Ben Zablocki, or someone else who is well-known as an excellent player has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. One disadvantage is that the other players may decide you're too dangerous to deal with, and must be destroyed toute de suite. (This happened to me-- although I'm really a rather mediocre player-- at an Origins one year. I was the only postal player in the game, and the rest decided that, as I obviously knew a lot about the game, they should knife me in O1. They attacked my Austria with all four adjacent powers-- except Russia. Russia claimed he was my ally, but refused to move any of his units in O1. "What, you want me to move outside of my borders on the first turn? But...but...that's naked aggression!" A most frustrating game.)

The major advantage is that you may be able to overawe any novices-- or even relatively experienced players who are in awe of your reputation. (Michael Rocamora, for instance, at one DipCon picked up the 1st prize, plus two Best Countries-- there were only two rounds to the tournament). Tell the players, quite honestly, that you'll stab if it seems like the intelligent thing to do-- but as long as it is in your interest to retain the alliance, and as long as they don't do something stupid, you'll remain faithful. Any reasonably intelligent player will buy this. Subtly imply that doing anything except what you tell your ally to do is "doing something stupid." (Don't say "stupid", of course-- point out, quite reasonably, why the move your ally made in contravention of your instructions was stupid, and why it hurts the alliance's chances against its enemies). With luck and skillful Diplomacy, you may be able to manipulate less experienced allies.

Another advantage to being a well-known player is that other good players will treat you with respect. Other good players won't be afraid

puppet themselves to you. However, they will think twice about attacking you, and will be more than willing to form an alliance on a cautious basis.

I AM THE DARK LORD: If you are a good player, you might cultivate the

reputation of a knife-- one who stabs at a moment's notice for the slightest provocation. (Gaining this reputation as a lousy player is likely to be suicidal.)<sup>6</sup> As a knife, you may find difficulty getting allies-- but your allies may come to you. For instance, if you are one of the four Eastern powers and two of these powers ally against the third, you have a ready-made ally in the third-- he may fear you, but he'll need your strength.

In fact, your greatest asset as the Dark Lord is the fact that everyone fears you. You can play upon their fears-- "Stay out of Sweden, you asshole, or I'll stab you so deeply you'll never get up." "Well, Joe, I've been thinking of stabbing you. You'd go under so fast you'd never know what hit you. However, that would leave me in a chancy position. If you give me Rumania and Greece, I won't stab you." "Well fellas, I've remained more or less neutral in this war up till now. How'd you like me to come in on the enemy's side? No? I thought not. How about a couple of centers, guys?"

A SIX-PACK A YEAR, SIR: This style of play is best suited to face-to-face play, and really owes its origin to the style of Poker playing. The idea is to imbibe tremendous quantities of alcohol during the game-- or at least to pretend to do so. The other players will imagine that your perceptions are buzzed and blurred by your drinking; in reality, you will have built up a tremendous resistance to alcohol over the previous week by drinking constantly. (Or, possibly, you have a natural resistance.) A postal variation of this is to project the image of a pothead-- "Shit, man, I'm sorry about those moves-- I was stoned out of my gourd all week, and wrote them hastily three days before the deadline while sky-high. Don't worry, I'm not going to stab you." Yet a third alternative is to write all your letters in such illiterate English that your correspondents will assume that you're a low-grade moron.<sup>7</sup>

#### NOTA BENE:

This article is based on my observations of the playing style of several New York players over the years. For your edification, these are:

DOCTOR STRANGE: Matthew Diller  
 PLEASE DON'T HIT ME: Greg Costikyan  
 GOD WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!: Arnold Proujansky ((deceased))  
 STICK WITH ME, KID: Michael Rocamora  
 I AM THE DARK LORD: Edi Birsan  
 A SIX-PACK A YEAR, SIR: Ben Grossman

#### EDITOR'S NOTES:

<sup>1</sup> Actually, you can change your reputation in mid-career, though it's difficult. Bob Sergeant, for example, entered the hobby about the same time I did, playing Turkey to my Russia in Diman's 1975GV (my first postal game, his second). He stabbed me a couple of times, though I can't really fault him, since I did do some stupid things, it being my first game (I didn't even own a map when the countries were assigned). However, he also stabbed people in several other Diman games, prompting him to write his article The Stab: Act of a Moral Degenerate?, wherein he tried to justify his various stabs. He also made a point of playing quite a few postal games after that as a very faithful ally to try to erase this reputation as a stabber. In a game at the 1981 DipCon, he drew Russia to my Turkey, and I jokingly asked him if he'd like a taste of his own medicine from 1975GV. He swore up and down that he was a Nice Guy these days, especially when he played Russia. (And he kept this promise.) I asked, "Is that a halo I see?" and he replied, "Damn right-- I had to work very hard to get this halo, too!"



2 The "New York Conspiracy" was a group of NYC players and publishers who, in the 1970's, produced some of the best Dipzines, articles, and press the hobby has seen. Most of them have since left the hobby, though a few can still be found in Slobbovia (see elsewhere thish). Most of them, however, will now claim that with their passing, the hobby lost most or all of its interesting reading matter-- which is just not true; as Mark Berch has said, Voice of Doom and Europa Express give the lie to this notion.

3 Ned Goltz specializes in doing incredible things as Italy-- in Diman's 1975HW, the game where I made his acquaintance, he took Munich and Trieste in 1901. The latter looked, of course, like an anti-Austrian move, and in 1902 he went to Serbia (with no opposition from A-H, who bludgeoned his way eastward against the Russians) and succeeded in getting Constantinople in the Fall- giving him 6 centers in 1902 with Tunis still neutral! It turned out later that the whole Trieste-Serbia business was part of a secret alliance between the two of them, albeit a rather unbelievable part. That alliance held together for many years, though. Also, in Uberschrift Game (currently being GM'ed by Dave McCrumb), he did something almost as incredible as Italy in the first few years. I don't remember the details now, but I'm sure Ned will be glad to brag about them. (A Mun & A Gre in 01.

4 Kathy Byrne did this in her first-round game at this year's Origins, screaming, "Oh, no, I got Austria! I'm headed right down the tubes," or something to this effect. Psi-warfare has always been her specialty...

5 Another way to get away with stabs and still be regarded as a "God will get you for this!" player-- albeit a slippery and perhaps hypocritical one-- is to justify your stab by some finicky clause in your alliance with that person which he might have broken without realizing it. If you do this too often, however, people will get wise to you and you'll lose the advantages of this sort of image. I once played a face-to-face game of Warlord, a simple but fascinating game somewhat like a cross between Diplomacy and Risk, with sequential movement (and nuclear missiles), with Bill Wulff and several other people. Bill and I had deployed missiles against one another, but he made me an offer that if I didn't fire my nukes at him, he would not attack me for three turns. As he almost always keeps his word, I trusted him to keep to his half of the agreement after I kept to mine. However, when it came to be his turn, he informed me that he'd meant player-turns, not game-turns (making his part of the agreement pointless), and attacked me. Later on, however, he chose to strike back at someone who had attacked him treacherously rather than preventing me from winning, which I did. This latter was certainly a case of preserving his image, though I think he also might have felt a bit guilty for hoodwinking me that way.

((Note 6 appears on page 25.))

7 I strongly suspect that this playing style works much better in poker than in Diplomacy, where you have to convince at least somebody that you'll do what you say. Not only is a drunken player (or one simulating drunkenness) unreliable in the extreme, even if his intentions are good, but many players (including myself) have esthetic sensibilities regarding what a Diplomacy player should be, which are strongly offended by this sort of thing-- so I tend to attack such players the first chance I get. both

\* \* \* \* \*

When my last issue of Graustark arrived, I was concerned when I saw that page 9 was entirely blank- I thought it a misprint. However, I then noticed his statement, "Page 9 of this issue is devoted to an inventory

of the contents of Bruce Linsey's brain."

I spent many hours mulling over this comment, and reached the conclusion that John Boardman has thereby earned the first annual Robert Bryan Lipton Memorial Award for Emotional Maturity. Nominations for future incarnations of this award (and "annual" can mean "when a year has gone by in your Dip game") are welcomed. Send \$20 to have your suggestion placed on the ballot...

And speaking of Bob Lipton, here's

### THE TUNISIAN OPENING

by Robert Bryan Lipton (Reprinted from Diman #29)

Being a gamesmaster offers one many chances to gain insights into the minds of players. One of the things that astounded me recently was a player's confession of his reason for playing Diplomacy. It was simple, yet revealing, and I want to share this bit of useful knowledge with you.

He said he played because he liked to win.

This information struck me with the force of a piledriver and set off many conjectures. This player played to win. Could it be other players also played to win? (This is always the crucial portion of a piece of reasoning-- to jump from the particular to the general.) For many days I struggled with this important question. I analyzed it to see if this desire to win was peculiar to this one player. At length, I even asked other players. Slowly a pattern emerged. Some people do play Diplomacy to win.

As a noted man of good taste and ingenuity, I decided to write an article to help people win.

Let us suppose that you play Diplomacy to win and you are playing Italy in a particular game. Are these two statements mutually exclusive? No, for Italy has won games of Diplomacy. Some simple analysis indicated quickly that all players who have won playing Italy have one thing in common: either they controlled eighteen supply centers at the end of the game, or the other Players agreed that Italy would soon control eighteen Supply Centers. Could this be mere coincidence? I think not, for the 1971 Rulebook states in Section II that control of eighteen Centers by a player means victory for that player.

With regard to the purpose of winning, we can make several statements about Italy. We will all agree, I am sure, that Italy has several advantages over, say, Albania in any attempt to win. For example, whereas Albania has no Supply Centers under its control at the beginning of a game, Italy has three. This means that Italy need gain three less centers than Albania to be victorious. Italy also starts out with three more units than Albania, and since one can gain additional Supply Centers only by having one's units in those new centers following a Fall move (Section XII.1 of the Rules), it becomes obvious to anyone with a modicum of tactical ability that Italy's chances are vastly superior to Albania's. Indeed, the records reveal, so great is this advantage that Albania has never won a game, overwhelmed from the very start by Italy's superiority. This may seem unfair, but the only way to have any certainty of not playing Albania is to put it at the bottom of your preference list.

Be that as it may, moving back to the subject of Italy's winning, we should next ask the question "Are there any other factors which all or most victorious Italies have in common?" The answer is an unqualified "Yes!" All victorious Italies, as incontrovertibly revealed by a painstaking examination of the records, control Venice, Rome and Naples at one point or another in their games. Unfortunately, the records also reveal that this is not an assured key to victory. A check of over fifty games reveals that while the Italies control those three Centers at some point in all those games, only six of the fifty-plus Italies eventually won.

While this is clearly a helpful guide to the victory-seeking Italian player-- make sure you control Venice, Rome and Naples at some point in the game-- it would be preferable to find some other factor which has a higher correlation with Italian victories. Is there one?

Yes! In forty-six out of forty-nine games to which I dedicated still more intense research, the Italian player proved to control Tunis at some point. Included among these forty-six games were all six Italian victories! Thus, the correlation with winning has increased from less than 12% for Italies controlling Rome, Venice and Naples to better than 13% for the control of Tunis! This is a significant increase.

I therefore submit that the Italian player who seeks victory should try to take Tunis.

It is, however, very easy to say something should be done, but it is often very difficult to state how it can be done. Many hours spent over a gameboard have yielded an answer.

First, Italy should try to take Tunis in 1901. This may be greeted with guffaws of astonishment. "A unit," these doubting Thomases will gasp between chortles, "can move only to adjacent spaces. It says so in Section VII.1 of the Rules. Italy starts out with units in Venice, Rome, and Naples. None of these border on Tunis. What you say is impossible!"

The superficial tacticians, thoughtless creatures, simply overlook entirely the possibility of a brilliant (no, I am not being vain; this statement is justified on the basis of observations of other players' movements) series of moves which can place Tunis in the grasp of the crafty Italian player.

To take Tunis in 1901, the Italian player should consider the unit in Naples. Section VI.3 of the Rulebook unequivocally states that it is a fleet.

Let us assume Italy makes the following move in Spring 1901:

Fleet Naples to Tyrrhenian Sea

A check of the resulting position on the gameboard will reveal the fact that this fleet, previously not adjacent to Tunis, now is adjacent to that province! I am sure that any decent tactician with the skill of, say, Doug Beyerlein, can tell you that this fleet may indeed be moved to Tunis, simply by writing the Fall 1901 order:

Fleet Tyrrhenian Sea to Tunis,

which move may be made in the Fall 1901 season.

Italy, having made these moves, will be found to be in control of Tunis, assuming no other country moves to Tunis at that time, and of the forty-nine more intensively investigated games, not once has another country ever successfully opposed this move! (A check of the possible moves, or a significant portion of them, makes it statistically unlikely that such opposition is possible.) By the previously cited Section VII.1 of the Rulebook, Italy now controls Tunis. The chances of an Italian victory have been increased by more than 1%!

Careful study of the literature of Diplomacy has failed to turn up any article which names this strong-- nay, powerful-- opening. I trust my readers will therefore not take it amiss, if, in return for imparting this significant tactical variation to them, I assume the privilege of naming this gambit.

To name an opening, one should choose a name that is both appealing and descriptive. I therefore urge that in the future, this shall be known as the Tunisian Opening. Not "Robert Bryan Lipton's Tunisian Opening"; I am, as my friends are all aware, a modest person, and seek not the laurels for doing good to all who seek the goal of guiding Italy to victory. The satisfaction of a good deed well done is enough for me.

(cont. from page 8)

caused him to actively discourage new players). I myself would be glad to assist your transition into the bizarre world of Slobbovia. For a sample issue of the best of the Slobinpolit Zhurnal, send \$2 or so to Donald Wileman, 98 Sanderling Crescent, Lindsay, Ontario, CANADA K9V 4N2. Or, if you'd rather see the current issue, send \$1.50 or so to the Arkhivist, Roger Oliver, 67 Franklin Rd., Denville, NJ 07834. (Prices are inexact because they vary with the size of the issue, and I'm not sure exactly what Don's asking for the sample issue.) The Zhurnal reached its 100th issue last summer, so it should be around for a while yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was planning to include the first part of a satire on mathematics, but I have discovered that my copy of it is missing. This ticks me off in the extreme, since it is a hilarious article which most of you should love. Oh well, nothing for it but to ask Jim Propp to send me another copy. I'll begin serializing it ASAP, hopefully next issue. This also means that this issue should really be considered a double issue, not triple; but that would mean changing the issue number and clever little comment in the masthead, so I'll just not count it toward making the first issue it appears in a double issue. Now I'd better get to...

#### YE AULDE ROCK MUSIC TRIVIA QUIZ

All you pseudo-intellectuals out there who sneer at rock music can ignore this and go off and do whatever form of mental masturbation you prefer. For the rest of you, the high scorer on this Quiz will receive 10 free issues of DIJAGH, or the equivalent in Taylor Publishing Empire products (such as YATAKANG, my SF zine for APA-Q, etc.). This can also be applied to a gamefee. You get 2 points for giving the title of the song the quote is from (partial credit may be given for near-misses), and 1 point for identifying the artist (I want the person/group who did the original version).

1. "The sirens are screaming and the fires are howling  
Way down in the valley tonight,  
There's a man in the shadows with a gun in his eye  
And a blade shining oh so bright,  
There's evil in the air and there's thunder in the sky  
And a killer's on the bloodshot streets,  
Oh and down in the tunnel where the deadly are rising  
Oh I swear I saw a young boy down in the gutter  
He was starting to foam in the heat..."
2. (Spoken) "This ain't rock and roll-- this is genocide!"
3. "And curtains laced with diamonds dear for you,  
And all the Roman noblemen for you,  
And kingdoms, Christian soldiers, dear, for you,  
And melting icecap mountaintops for you,  
And knights in flaming silver robes for you,  
And bats that with a kiss turn prince for you..."
4. "Born in the heat of the night...when things ain't going right"
5. "Yellow matter custard...dripping from a dead dog's eye"
6. (Spoken) "I'd like a cold glass of gravy with a hair in it."
7. "Give me a job, give me security, give me a chance to survive,  
I'm just a poor soul in the unemployment line, my God I'm hardly alive..."
8. "There's a feeling I get when I look to the west,  
And my spirit is crying for leaving..."

9. "You know the sheriff's got his problems too,  
He will surely take them out on you.  
In walks the village idiot, and his face is all aglow..."
10. "Madman drummers, bummers, and Indians in the summer  
With the teenage diplomat..." (hmm, not a bad title for a Dipzine, eh?)
11. "And you don't need to wonder, you're doing fine,  
My lord, the pleasure's mine..."
12. "Pretty women out walking with gorillas, down my street..."

## CONTEST #2:

Count the number of times the name "Mark Berch" appears in any form in your copy of this zine. You must list the number of them on each page, to rule out lucky guesses. ONLY A PERFECT SCORE WILL WIN (prize is the same as contest #1). Hint: Search very carefully!

6 ((from page 21)) Rick Crabill, who plays in the postal games I run and those Dave McCrumb runs, is a case in point. He is a good tactician (well, he miswrites an order once in a great while, but that happens to most of us), but his strategy consists of stabbing everyone in sight. He even insists that GM's print the fact that he is a compulsive stabber in the brief biographical sketches they do at game start. Apparently he believes that somehow it will increase his chances of winning, but in fact this is why he has never won or drawn a postal game. It would be different if he stabbed for the slightest provocation, but he stabs for no provocation, not realizing that an ally is often much more valuable than a center or two. And, since he plays among a fairly limited group of players, most of them already know what he is, so he tends to get wiped out very early. Also, he is extremely predictable-- there are certain people he hates (including me), so given a choice he will stab them before anyone else.

This is

If you're an exceedingly dull individual, you may have wondered why "Palindromic Press Publication #21" appears on page 11 while PPP #22 appears to the left. Well, it's because the World-1 le b con report leads a separate existence as a Publication in its own is l right in several APA's (Amateur Press Associations). It's also n s i because I'm getting increasingly desperate to fill up the page-and-d c a-half I have remaining in this issue...ah, I know what I'll do.

A bunch of us were sitting around recently telling light-bulb jokes: "How many Christian Scientists does it take to change a light bulb?" "The light bulb is not out." "How many Jewish-American Princesses does it take to change a light bulb?" "What? And ruin my nails?" "How many John Boardmans does it take to change a light bulb?" "Two- one to change the bulb and one to talk about it endlessly." "How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb?" "Only one, but it's a long and tedious process, and the light bulb has to really want to change."

So then Carl Burke (I believe) asked "How many immortals does it take to change a light bulb?" and Beki answered, "None- they just sit and wait for the roof to go away." Then we all started making up immortal jokes. After all, it's not every day a whole new class of ethnic jokes appears.

Someone asked, "How many immortals does it take to escape continental drift." Then we were off and running with "What do immortals take for a headache?" "Extra-strength Tylenol washed down with grape Kool-Aid." I inflicted my old slogan: "Join the Howard Families-- the Immortal Minority," then I came up with, "Why did the immortals create

Saturn's rings out of corn kernels?" "So they could come back for popcorn after the Sun exploded."

If anybody can think of any others, ~~please/keep/try/to/submit~~ why not submit them to DIJAGH???

\*\*\*\*\*  
DEADLINE FOR ALL GAMES: NOON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1982  
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What's the difference between an engineer, a physicist and a mathematician?

Assume that a fire breaks out in a hotel room. An engineer would grab the fire extinguisher from the wall and spray the room thoroughly, dousing the flames and leaving the room knee-deep in foam. A physicist would take one or two experimental squirts at the fire, pause to scribble a few equations, then place the extinguisher in a precise position and put out the fire with one brief squirt. A mathematician would look at the fire extinguisher, go into the bathroom, look at the bathtub and a bucket, and walk out of the room muttering, "There exist two solutions."

A young girl in Moscow brightly told her first-grade class, "My cat had six kittens, and they're all Communist!" The next day a commisar visited the classroom, and the teacher asked the girl to repeat what she had said the day before. "My cat had six kittens and five of them are Communist." "But yesterday you said that they were all Communist!" exclaimed the teacher. "Yes, but one of them opened its eyes this morning," said the little girl.

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DIJAGH #1-2-3

Address Code: S  
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